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You have not shut your eyes upon this simple consequence of the measure, that tho' the countries are nominally and metaphysically united, they will continue *naturally* distinct, and that when the Irish militia have marched into England, and the English into Ireland, as into contiguous counties, the king will have, to all *practical purposes*, a standing army in both countries. All these, and many more topics, upon the subject of an Union, have been already elaborately and ably discussed, both within and without your walls, and nothing remains for me, but to suggest, that by an Union, Ireland will lose *one good friend*, whom once lost, she can never recover. I speak of a friend from whom she has derived all the blessings she at present enjoys, and, I trust, will derive more. Permit me to recommend to your attention, that friend of my country—

### A SHORT MONEY-BILL;

that is the friend to whom we owe our Mutiny Bill, our Octennial Bill, our Free Trade, and our Free Constitution; you that are old enough to remember this country since Lord Townsend's time, well know that I do not overvalue this friend to Ireland. This is the only friend who can serve us, when a Minister seeks to out-vote us, by a minority. This is the friend who achieved that measure, (I use the words of Mr. Pitt) that *childish* measure, the independence of Ireland, which in the year 1782, her Parliament and her People pledged themselves to yield but with their lives.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very devoted humble Servant,

HINT.

**MR. HANDY**, of the Royal Circus, Foster-place, feels himself bound to apologize to a liberal public for the failure of his late performance, which had excited so much expectation. It was entirely owing to want of management and training, that so many of the cattle ran restive, ran out of the course, kicked, started, plunged, and took the stud. He intends that they shall be better *backed* the next time, and has sent to England for a *Pelham* bit, which it is expected will fit the hardest mouths. The *Cunneimara* poney that was rode in the *Martin-gale*, will run against time from the Circus to the *Custom-house*, and back again to the *House of Lords*, carrying a feather. Play or pay.

**NOW** in preparation for exhibition, at the National Theatre, a dramatic romance, entirely new; in which will be introduced, an astonishing variety of the most striking scenery, deceptions, and changes. Among

the scenes will be the following, viz. A view of a splendid and populous city, which will change into a mean fishing-town. A beautiful view of a rich country, interspersed with mills, and manufacturers at work, terminated by the sea, covered with shipping, which will suddenly change into a wild and uninhabited desert. A view of a spacious plain, with several parties of tax-gatherers, &c. travelling across it in all directions, attended by bodies of troops, in English uniforms, and representing the naked natives, now flying from, and now skirmishing with them; affording altogether, a very interesting spectacle. A view of an harbour, with a vessel at anchor, and crowds of people hurrying on board with their families, effects, &c. &c.; the distress of those left behind, expressed most admirably, and to the life; with many others not less picturesque. The whole to conclude with a grand emblematic transparency, of a lion playing on an harp, but having overstrained and broken the strings with his claws, it falls from him. His vain, tho' desperate attempts to recover it, are exquisitely portrayed. The scenes all to be prepared in England, from plans designed in London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c. and will be faithfully executed (if possible) under the direction of the English managers, who have been at unceasing pains, and enormous expence already; and will spare neither, in future, to have them accurately got up here. During the performance, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, set to music, and adapted to the harp, will be given.

N. B. The Managers having been compelled to postpone the bringing forward the above representation for some time, acquaint the public however, that they are determined to have it exhibited as soon as possible.

F.

**SERGEANT-MAJOR BLABBER**, lately arrived from the city of Galway, having discovered, by a curious process, (for which he has lately obtained his Majesty's Patent) a mode of conveying sounds from without doors, very audibly, into great public buildings, after the manner of the whispering gallery, offers his services to all Ministers, Mayors, Aldermen of Police, &c. to whom the said invention may prove to be of the utmost utility. He is to be heard of at Daly's Coffee-house.

### SONG.

*Tune—Derry Down.*

**BILLY PITT** t'other day says to Master Jack Bull,  
Dear Johnny, my brain of a project is full,  
I will get you a damsel that's buxom and fresh,  
To make bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh.